Inventory of Materials

Topic: Lakes, Rivers, Mts. W. Va.

Title: Paddy Knob

Author: Mrs. Rella Yeager

Date Submitted: _____ Length: 500 Words

Status: Editor: _____

Contents: Complete statement on Paddy Knob. Gives description of a trip up Paddy Knob, fire tower & scenic views.

Source: Source given

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John Branch Green

Mrs. Rella P. Yeager

Rella Yeager

18

PADDY KNOB

By John Branch Green

Richmond Virginia

It may seem somewhat presumptuous for an "Easterner" to be telling you folks of Pocahontas county something about the beauties of your own mountains, still, like the proverbial prophet, your natural wonders might be without the proper respect and appreciation due them and I want to remind you that in lots of them you have treasures of beauty and interest. I am thoroughly "sold" on Pocahontas county already and still the wonders unfold themselves. The seller was a good one who used no undue persuasion but hooked me with breath-taking proof, for with your Editor I have ridden, walked, or waded to spots of loveliness or unique interest that should shame you for letting them go unbeholden.

Each trip is a revelation but the latest was more. Have you been to Paddy Knob? If you have perhaps this impression will interest you as revealing the reactions of a lowlander; if you haven't I only hope it will interest you to the point of going.

They looked for a spot on which to put a fire-tower and some wanderer of these hills and valleys must have told them of the one spot so near ideal that man need do very little to improve on the building hand of the Creator.

From Frost the highway to Virginia swings east and crosses the Alleghany at the state line. Right at the state line a newly constructed road swings south and upward; smartly upward, too, for the last mile is a hard one unless your motor is good and your brakes sure.

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Right on the peak, and you are there almost before you realise it, stands Paddy Knob fire tower; verily a sentinel of the sky. The knob is cleared and once there the world lies at your feet. In all directions, three hundred and sixty degrees of the compass you can sweep the horizon with your eye; witnesses of sight being the only limitation to the sweep of the distance. Your writer has had the pleasure of many mountain climbs in your own state and among the Alps of Europe but this is the only cathedral spire of God's making that he has ever visited from which the entire panoramic sweep of the horizon is yours for the taking.

I have heard that other points resemble it but are remote and inaccessible. Here is a spot only three miles from a hard-surface highway and linked to it by a road narrow but good. (Blow your horn loud and frequently on the way up.) I understand that some day an improvised skyline drive connecting Cheat with White Sulphur may pass that way and sure as shooting that view alone would attract thousands if you acquaint yourself with it and then tell of it to others.

We wish we could have seen inside the tower but in this out-of-the-forest-fire-season it was securely locked. I understand that it is compact and snug for housekeeping. When the wind started blowing your writer would probably come down from there for there must be some very noticeable sway to that steel bower.

"Rock-a-bye Baby" would be a theme song very much in order, undoubtedly.

To the CCC boys goes credit for the hastily but well built

road already mentioned and already work has begun on a link of that Skyline Drive which is sure to be a wonder. Here in the clouds distances fool you. Who called Washington, D. C., the City of Magnificant Distances? He had never been to Paddy Knob. Down the slope and through the brush we spied the new road in the making and walked towards it. After a distance twice that which we anticipated we reached it and hailed those we left at the tower. The cry reached through the clear ozone but I was fooled when I thought I could hurl a rock the space we had come.

X

it is again supplied by an occasional visiting pastor.

Schools. We do not boast of any high school in our community at this writing for reason that the settlement is a scattered one, but we are proud of the progress the schools have made since the age of the log school house.

We are unable to say when the first school was taught at Prdat. A person now living tells us of one being taught there in an old store building before the Civil War. At some later period a one room school house was built near the location of the present two roomed house. This was abandoned in 1912 and a modern school house was erected.

When the Civil War began school was being taught by Miss Mattie Gum, the mother of the late George Gingar of Huntersville, in a log school house which stood on the knoll near L. R. Hively's residence. The next building used for school in the Sunset neighborhood was on the hill not far from J. A. Cleeks.

We are indebted to Rev. Wm. T. Price for the history he recorded and left us.

Mountain Times

Oct. 25, 1928.